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A View of the Lawn

LINCOLN AT SHORT RANGE

● By Edward C. Vorholt '37

AS one whose leading attraction is reading biographies, have you ever paused to wonder if all that you read about great men is true? Has it never occurred to you to doubt the glorious stories related of historical characters and their motives? When first you read of George Washington hacking down a cherry tree, didn't you scratch your chin, cock your eye, and say "I wonder?" If you did not, you are entirely too gullible. Whoever made up that story, I want to assure you, was a most zealous, most pious, dyed-in-the-wool patriot. With "tongue in cheek," I have often guessed at what these highly idolized men would confess about themselves today if they were given a chance. I have no doubt that their statements would burst many of the bubbles at which children, getting their first glimpse of history, gaze in awe and amazement. These stories, fabricated by zeal and warped into the texture of history by admiration, cast a shadow on truth and leave to posterity but frozen images and idealized concepts of celebrated heroes. As far as I am concerned, I want historical facts to be presented as facts, and possibilities as possibilities.



Very recently, as I was thumbing the pages of a modern American History, my attention was arrested by an illustration. It was the picture of a man whose features have puzzled students of physiognomy without end. The portrait was that of Abraham Lincoln. It captivated me for the same reason that it captivates almost anybody who hits upon it. Rarely are the traces of the politician, the under-dog, the humorist, and the dejected failure to be found in one and the same face, but so it is with Lincoln. While studying the picture of this historical character, I began to muse on what the old fellow might say about himself could he only come back to have his say.

That the most striking characteristic of Lincoln's features is an expression difficult to penetrate dawned on me with a disconcerting vexation. I found that a person has as much chance to discover the workings of Lincoln's mind by scrutinizing his facial contour as a person might have in trying to guess the trick that is intended at a game by looking at the vacant stare on the face of an expert poker-player. Perhaps this blank, unsearchable look of the Civil-War President may aid in casting light on his famous Emancipation Proclamation. I feel sure that it will, for as I try to gauge his thoughts by looking at his photograph, I can hear him saying:

"Don't think that I, born a Southerner,

thought of freeing the slaves because I was big-hearted. True, I sympathized with them in their unhappy lot, for at one time in my life I was in similar straits. The memory of my own hard days was the real reason. When I found that the war spirit in the North was lagging, I felt that something had to be done. Since I was a politician, I knew what to do. Bally-hoo and publicity were needed. For that purpose I issued the great Emancipation Proclamation. It was a mere ideal, a trick that has been used so often by leaders and statesmen that it is hackneyed. The Greek's ideal was fighting for their homes and altars. President Wilson, of your own day, pushed the United States into a big war in order, as he said, to make the world safe for democracy. In my day and time. I just thought it would be fine to give the negro a chance to 'strut his stuff' in future ages. Remember, that at the time, the Proclamation meant nothing, but it gained its purpose, and that is quite enough. With a politician the end justifies the means and crowns the work."

If "honest Abe" did not speak these ideas in just so many words, he may, nevertheless, have preserved them in safe-keeping under his old-fashioned hat. His face suggests as much. I wonder what he would have to say about that astonishing store-clerk story which has come to be associated with his memory. His picture indicates that he would detail the incidents of this story in some such fashion as the following:

"Say, doesn't your history book tell very honestly that I was a politician? What politician can avoid a practical joke? I know that I couldn't avoid joking. Why, I had the reputation of being a great joker! People said that I was an intelligent man, and as such, I necessarily saw the comical side of things. If I had been a wise man, I would never have seen the ridiculous side in anything. Wise men never do. But I had too much intelligence to avoid a joke. I could no more keep my tongue from making people laugh than a woman could despise gold. Now as to this store-clerk story, well, don't you ever believe that I walked miles after business hours were over, in order to accommodate forgetful customers by carrying home to them the several pounds of sugar which they had bought and forgotten. If ever I delivered groceries, it was for one reason only, and that because the fellow forgot to pay his bill. Otherwise, how much shoe leather would I have wasted? I was known to be economical, hence I wasted none."

I recall that I have mentioned something about signs of the under-dog being apparent in the portrait of Lincoln. There are such signs. One need but look at his face abstractly to feel that there was present in his life some great and lasting grief. It is very well known that Lincoln's early life was strenuous, but that is not the secret of his grief. That secret, I think, with its deep melancholy arose out of the death of his greatly beloved Ann Rutledge and was emphasized by his subsequent rather unhappy marriage with Nancy Hanks. I feel sure while looking at his portrait that if he could speak of his home life and that, too, in the White House, he would explain this under-dog shadow on his features in terms something like this:

"Under-dog? I was under two dogs, both of them my wife's. A married man soon learns to keep his secrets; that's why my mouth is closed so firmly. It may be a sad fact, but it is none the less true that, since my person came to be public property

in the presidency, I did all in my power to keep my home life a profound secret. My eyes alone tell what sorrow I knew after I married Nancy Hanks. When I found out what my life was going to be with her, I said to myself, 'I'll fight it out on these lines if it takes all my life.' Right there I stepped up to scrap, and the fight was on. Mr. Markham said that I could hold out against the mountains and the sea, but he never saw my wife. It is continually reported of me that I spoke little of my home affairs; every married man knows why."

As has already been intimated, Lincoln had a great reputation for wit and rare good humor. His look betrays a conscious, vibrant, inner force that suggests the skilled, quick-witted lawyer. But a shadow of melancholy is ever present, and that, too, sufficiently visible to make good the saying, "Melancholy claimed him as her own." Taking into consideration the cheerless early years of his life; the constant toiling and scratching required of him to make something of his life; the fact that immediately connected with his election to the presidency, the storm clouds of the terrible Civil War were gathering, there is no reason for surprise that melancholy usurped the place of humor in his mental make-up. In the lines of worry and sorrow that crease his brow, a tragic story might be read if his native humor did not always make itself felt to relieve the situation, for his humor did not altogether forsake him. It is this quality of his, though badly crushed by circumstances, which would make him say to those who idolize him as a self-made man with the biggest possible success as his reward:

"Success, young man, and self-made man! What should I tell you about these matters concerning myself? Don't you know that my life was a failure and in almost every way a miserable existence for me? I did not care for the restraining formality of high office. Remember what is said about making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The only reason, outside of my wife's insistence, that made me run for high office was the understanding that I didn't have a ghost of a chance to be successful. I was jerked into office by wire-pulling. Then I had to make the best of it in surroundings in which I knew that I was entirely out of place. As for that self-made-man stuff, all I have to say is that it is better to be made that way than not to be made at all."

Perfectly plain talk is what anybody has to expect if Lincoln's portrait is made to do the speaking. What would a man of his kind have had to say if people had spoken to him about casting his form into statues for coming generations to admire? This statue-making of him has been carried on to an overwhelming extent, but admiration has never been so fully forthcoming as to be overwhelming. If the Lincoln of his photograph were to give his opinion of this form of adulation, he would surely exclaim good-naturedly:

"I told you so! Who would think of admiring my shambling limbs even though they be dressed up in shapely marble. If a sculptor did his best with me, he would produce an illusion; if he did his worst, I should have reasons to be ashamed. Besides, he would have to make me appear democratic, as I belong to a democracy, but the nearer art approaches the democratic, the further it is removed from the demands of its nature. Have you never seen the 'loincloth Washington'? There is an attempt at democratic art. I don't

blame you for not wishing to see that statue, but I might also have no reasons for blaming you for not wanting to see a statue of me. It might just turn out so that a marble reproduction of me would have to be hidden away in some nook or corner of the Smithsonian Institute to give company to that grotesque representation in marble of the "Father of Our Country."

It is well known that things have turned out otherwise with the statues of Lincoln, and things may just as well stand otherwise with the real Lincoln than I have gauged them to be by looking at his historical portrait. I may have drawn the range too closely on him, but then I am getting tired of being told of self-made men and of men so great that I could never equal them. At close range, I find that every one of these great men is only a man after all. There may be something puzzling about them to justify spelling their individualism with a capital "I", and the puzzle may be too deep for me to solve, but in spite of that, I shall always be a bit incredulous when I hear glowing stories about "honest" and "cheery tree hacking". If any one wishes to believe them, let him gleefully swallow them with hook, line, and sinker.

Saint Valentine

by

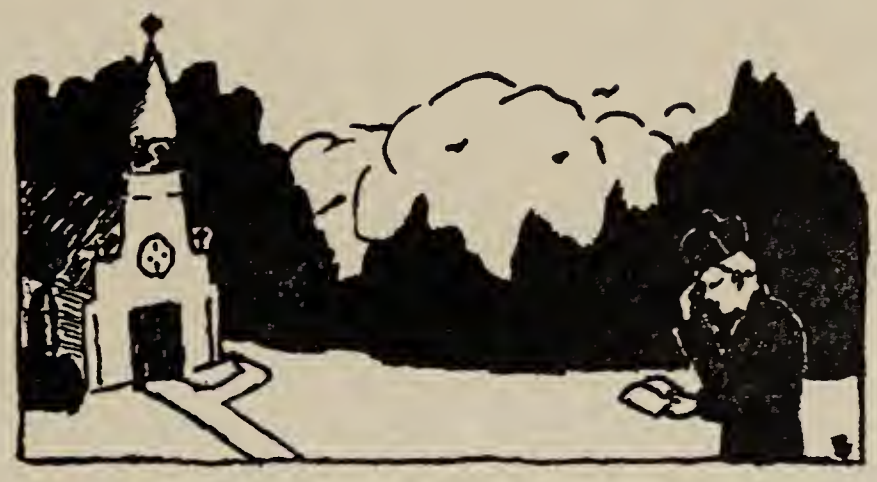
M. J. Stohr '35

When Rome, yet pagan, held in bondage all the world,
Within its walls there lived a priest named Valentine,
Whom Claudius roughly clubbed and hurled into a cell
Where he might have but stones for bread and serpent fare.
But from the gloom that harbored in this grewsome jail,
There rose the glory of the martyr's brilliant crown
That ever grew more clear before the saintly eyes
Of him whose doom was sealed by cruel tyrant's nod.

This saintly priest and martyr too, who could not bow
To deeds of shame, left at his grave a brief of love,
Of honesty, and truth, with scorn for every wrong.
Hence towers high the marble shaft upon whose plinth
The sculptor's chisel carved that name, St. Valentine,
To mark his glorious grave as pilgrim's holy shrine.

A BLESSING FROM OPPOSITION

• By Vincent Schafer '35



IN a thoughtful mood, slowly pacing the path which crosses a small, but beautiful little garden, a black-robed figure could often be seen praying from a book, commonly known as a breviary. Usually it was the hour of sunset when Father Germain finished the prayer daily demanded of him by the church. On one evening, he took up this task an hour earlier than was customary with him, because special business claimed his attention at the coming of night. That particular business was a meeting to be held with the members of the Brengkeng Mission, located in one of the most unpropitious regions of China. As the missionary, for so Father Germain was known, had concluded his prayer, he walked to the end of the path and gazed with disapproving eyes at the dreary landscape which stretched all the way to the Yangtize River. The people living in that rugged part of the country simply would not be impressed by his instructions. What could be wrong? Was his own personality the cause of failure in his missionary labors? He determined to put the latter question squarely before the members of the Brengkeng Mission at the meeting on that night.

The meeting was held; the question was brought up for consideration, but the several Chinese converts present hung their heads in silence and stared blankly at the floor. No suggestion for a possible solution of the quandary into which the Brengkeng Mission had slumped could be wrung from any one of them. Like most meetings, this one was a gathering for mere company, for the exchange of a few irrelevant remarks, and for an adjournment with a 'sine die' closing the minutes. Wearily, Father Germain betook himself to his bed of reeds and rushes for the night, but sleep came to him only after he had quieted his mind by deciding what course he would follow on the next day. That course implied consulting the Provincial of the order

to which he belonged as to the advisability of relinquishing the Brengkeng Mission altogether.

After saying Mass on the next morning, Father Germain sought out the Provincial and discussed the situation with him. Following a lengthy parley, the Provincial remarked gently and encouragingly:

"Father Germain, you have labored here for six months, and you think that you have taken nothing. Bear in mind that there never yet was a person that did anything worth doing, who did not really receive more than he gave. You're looking for a reward proportionate to your labors. I fear that you're looking for that reward too impatiently. Stay with your labors; do your part, and God in His turn will do the rest." Then with amazing frankness, but tactfully, he proceeded, "The mission you have in charge is a peculiarly difficult one, but you alone know the dialect of these people, and for their spiritual benefit you must stay with them. Yours is the capacity for languages; yours is the responsibility that goes hand in hand with this capacity. You must plant the seed of the word of God; He, the Almighty, will look to its growth. Continue your work."

"Yes, plant the seed of the word of God, and that in this uninviting soil," thought Father Germain. Often had he tried to plant just that seed, but thorns and thistles had choked it. In obedience to the orders of the Provincial, however, he resolved to hold to his missionary post for a length of time sufficient to prove that all efforts at bringing the people of that unfavorable clime to Christ were futile. But he would renew his attack. For that he considered plans over and over until the sunset began to redden the skies. The time had come again which he had set for himself to finish the Divine Office. He took up his breviary and strolled out to the garden. Time and again, he cast a glance towards the Yangtize River, and when he had come to the end of his usual prayers, he walked all the long distance to the banks of that stream. Here on the banks he decided to sit down, gaze at the flowing waters and lose himself in meditation. Night was just beginning to darken the river, when a cry, "Help, help!" reached his ears. Peering through the gathering vapors, he saw a human form whelming in the current. There was no time left for planning or meditating now. With a jerk, Father Germain drew off his cassock, plunged into the river and, being a good swimmer, he quickly reached the drowning person. It was a mere boy, who had evidently been seized by cramps. To bring him to land was not easy, for the young fellow continued to toss and struggle in his drowning fright. When at length both reached the bank, Father Germain rested for a moment to regain his breath, then picked up the boy and carried him all the distance to his little rectory where he laid him on his own poorly improvised bed.

To call for assistance, Father Germain now went to the cabin of his good friend, Lu Ching, who was an affable man, a jack of all trades. Lu came and hurriedly prepared hot tea for the boy. In the meanwhile, the priest went to his study and donned a change of clothing. Upon returning, he found the boy, whom Lu by this time had stripped of wet togs and wrapped in a blanket, drinking tea. The lad seemed to be doing nicely, but when he saw Father Germain and recognized him to be a priest, he gave a sudden cry and appeared to swoon away. After Lu had again revived him, the boy lay there as if

stark and stiff, all the while glaring at the priest in whom he saw nothing else but the dispenser of evil. Good Lu tried to dispel the lad's fright by telling him that Father Germain had saved him from drowning even at the risk of his own life, and that the priest had no malignant charms for tormenting him. The lad, however, replied,

"My father has told me to hate priests, and if he finds out that I've been near one. he will kill me."

"Who's your father?" inquired Lu.

"My father is a witch-doctor," answered the boy.

At hearing these words, Father Germain smiled broadly at the youngster. In spite of himself, the boy smiled in return.

"Now, my good lad," continued the priest, "you need not have any fear of me. I'm nothing bewitching, and I give people no poisons. There's no doubt that you have heard it said that priests do just these things, but there is no truth about this whatever. But tell me your family name, won't you?"

"My name is Yeng Bent," answered the boy, "and my father's name is Bent Kong, the witch-doctor, the sorcerer." The boy was coming to be rather frank in his talk. now that his fears of the priest had been allayed to some extent. After resting sufficiently to regain his strength, and having been supplied with clothing, he made ready to depart for his own home. As he was leaving, the priest requested him to return on a visit as early as possible. This. Yeng Bent promised to do, and quickly vanished in the darkness.

"He will keep his promise," assured the kindly Lu, as he turned to Father Germain to explain that a Chinese child or youth never lies.

"I shall be overjoyed to see him again," replied the priest. "I think that he can give me some very valuable information concerning the doings of his father."

Already on the afternoon of the following day, Yeng Bent came to visit his benefactor, Father Germain. All fears now seemed to have vanished from the lad's mind. He spoke ever more familiarly with the priest and repeated his visits daily for months. The priest had surmised correctly when he thought that Yeng Bent could give him valuable information. The lad could give glowing descriptions of the work done by his father, and from these descriptions the priest learned how it came about that the people in that section of the country were so obstinate in their hatred of him. But there was one thing which the boy did not tell, and did not tell because Chinese children, generally speaking, will not talk ill of their parents. The boy, namely, did not tell Father Germain that a cruel beating awaited him at the hands of his father every time he returned from his visits. It was only by accident that Father Germain later on discovered this fact.

Threats and beatings, however, had not deterred Yeng Bent from making his promised visits regularly. He had discovered a true friend in the priest, one who was openly sincere and was kind beyond anybody whom he had ever encountered before. On one of these visits, he and the priest went to the garden, sat down on the grass and talked for a long time. In the distance they could see the banks of the Yangtize River. During a lull in the conversation, Father Germain said:

"Do you remember, Yeng Bent, that in yonder river you came near receiving a

cruel baptism? The river came mighty near swallowing you up for good."

"Yes," replied Yeng Bent, "I remember the happening very clearly. I remember also that you have talked to me of a real baptism. In fact I know a great deal about that baptism."

As he said no more, Father Germain asked:

"Have you nothing more to say about that baptism, Yeng?"

"Yes, I have," answered the boy, "I want to ask you a question; could I come to your faith? I've often wondered about the faith you have. I know there must be something great about it, or else you wouldn't be so anxious to bring it to the people who live here and show themselves so ungrateful to you. Then, too, I've often slipped into your chapel and have seen you say what you call Mass. You looked most pious and happy at that ceremony. Surely, I would like to be a Catholic and find out what it all means."

"Yes, Yeng," replied the priest, "you may become a Catholic, but before you come to that faith you must be instructed. I've told you many things already about the Catholic Faith, but there are many things more that you must know before you can be a Catholic. For one thing, you must not want to be a Catholic because you think I want you to be such. You must want to be such yourself, and you must feel that God wants you to be such for the salvation of your soul."

"That's the way I feel about it," answered Yeng Bent.

"Then we shall begin instructions tomorrow," assented the priest who now for the first time during his missionary labors saw a ray of hope coming his way.

When Yeng Bent had completed his period of instruction he was baptized. It was a day of happiness for him and for Father Germain. From now onward, Yeng's daily visits became more and more interesting, but unfortunately these visits were to be suddenly interrupted. The Yangtize River altogether unexpectedly flooded its banks, and those living within the Brenkeng Mission whose houses were not on high ground had to flee for their lives. Father Germain at first thought of betaking himself to the home of Yeng Bent, whose house was well out of danger, but the thought that the witch-doctor, old Bent Kong, would drive him out, made him decide to flee with the refugees wherever these happened to be going. For fully three weeks he had no chance to return to his mission. When he did return, he found that good luck awaited him. His cabin and little church, though badly soiled by the flood and filled with much debris, had not been swept away. At once he set about cleaning things up. At the end of three days he had the little church in sufficiently good shape to allow celebrating Mass. On the morning of the fourth day, when he rang the bell as usual to call those who would come, he was profoundly astonished to find so large a crowd making its way to the church that not even standing room was left in the little building. His excitement at what had happened frequently disturbed him while saying Mass. After having returned to the sacristy and having laid aside his vestments, he went out among the visitors in order to discover how this unusual attendance at Mass came about. He met with the biggest surprise of his life.

Hardly had it become known among the visitors that Father Germain was among them, when the old witch-doctor, Bent

Kong, sought him out. It was the first time that the two had met face to face. The priest's amazement can only be imagined, when this man, whom he knew to be an enemy from the description given by his own son, Yeng Bent, at once asked to learn something about the Catholic Faith. Father Germain promised to give him all the instructions he might want, and that, at any time. The witch-doctor spoke his thanks and departed. The priest, after trying to make acquaintance with as many of the visitors as possible, returned to his shabby little rectory. Here he met his "man of all work," Ching, who was busily preparing breakfast.

"God bless you, Ching, I'm overjoyed to see you again," said the priest, and then continued, "I had occasion to meet the witch-doctor, the father of little Yeng Bent. I felt like asking about the boy, but for the moment I thought it best to ask no questions. Can you tell me about the boy, Ching?"

"God knows I can," said Ching with a sad look on his face. "The boy is dead, Father, he's dead. I'll tell you all about it. During the flood, Yeng's sister took badly sick. When she came to die, Yeng hurried to baptize her. Old Bent Kong saw this performance and knew what it meant as he had watched you baptize people. He grew furious, grabbed a club and beat little Yeng over the head. The blow caused a skull fracture. For a few hours the boy lay unconscious. The old witch-doctor was then overcome by remorse at what he had done. He did not want to be deprived of both his children. All he could do was done to revive the boy, Yeng, but he got no further than to make the lad regain consciousness. The last words the poor little fellow said when he was again able to talk were:

'Father, go to the priest, go to the priest,' and then he died.

"The old witch-doctor got frantic. He came here to see you, Father, but you had left because of the flood. He told me the entire story which I'm telling you, and he wants me to tell you. Among other things, the old doctor regrets the beatings he gave Yeng for visiting with you. The boy would not lie, and so it was easy for the old fellow to find out all about these visits. He relented somewhat with these beatings, for as he said, 'he found out that the boy was none the worse for associating with you.' Now it was he, the old witch-doctor himself, who urged the people to come to Mass this morning. He wants the people to become acquainted with you. Up to now, he has been your most fierce opponent. It was he who kept the people away from you, for, as you may know, the Chinese witch-doctors have great influence with the people. I know that things will go different in the Brenkeng Mission from this day forward. We now have a martyr, Father, a martyr."

At this recital, tears came to Father Germain's eyes. The death of poor Yeng made him feel exceedingly bad. What added to his great grief in full measure was the remark by Lu Ching that the lad had been severely beaten by his father every time he visited the 'hated priest'. Having finished his breakfast, Father Germain made haste to visit his Provincial, who was now busy with mission work in a neighboring town. With joy and sorrow he told his superior all that had happened. When the Provincial had heard the story to the end, he said very gravely:

"Father Germain, just a few months ago you were impatient to see results forth-

coming in your labors. I then told you to bide God's time. You now have results; you have a martyr to your cause. 'Stick to your hoeing'; the harvest will be abundant."

Having ended his visit with the Provincial, Father Germain returned to his mission. As he went along the road, everything took on a brighter hue. The old Yangtize River looked golden; the rugged country seemed inviting; the houses, mostly cabins, appeared to speak a welcome; the people whom he met, no longer showed hatred of him. He resolved to stick to his hoeing as the Provincial had told him to do. His fervor and zeal brought down God's blessing on the Brenkeng Mission, a blessing that rose out of opposition, for the old witch-doctor, Bent Kong, became a fervent convert and from being an antagonist to the missionary, now came to be his best friend and helper.

My Prayer

by

A. Wolf '35

As evening is falling, I sit at my door
and watch my good neighbor return from his chore.
Wearily smiling and dragging his feet,
he greets his poor children who rush to the street
to show him their love. For them he has borne
the day's grime and sweat from earliest morn.
What others might say means nothing to him;
he holds to his duty, a duty that's grim.

As regular as nightfall, he comes from his work
without or ill mien or look that might irk.
All dusty and sweaty he plods through his gate;
His dear ones would worry, were he to come late.
For this man I'll pray when he leaves this earth
that God, our kind Father, may show him his worth.

STARS AND MUD

● By Ambrose Lengerich '36

AS the fox laughed at the cat for knowing but one trick, so the scoffer laughs at the investigator for having but one pursuit. Luckily for mankind, there will always be investigators in spite of scoffers. By what other means would facts emerge from the shadow of appearances than by the hard labor of searching and investigating? The saying, "Things are not what they seem" has led thoughtful men to make serious attempts at discovering what might be concealed under appearances. Like a shell, appearances involve the kernel of things. To break that shell and show intrinsic values is the object of research, an employment that is always the butt of ridicule, be it in the sphere of science, religion or art.

Whenever nature has left a hole in a person's mind — and it seems that she has done so more often than not, as books, magazines, and newspapers proclaim — she generally plasters it over with a thick coating of ignorance, which keeps the poor fellow well prepared to strut, pose, and scoff. Was not every early scientist the sport of sneers and jibes because of his enthusiasm for progress? That there were many, and even now are many in the field of science who are impractical visionaries does not excuse the narrowness and folly which a short-sighted public threw in the way of the upright and earnest investigator. That "where some see stars, others see mud" has somehow always been a truism, and the haughty attitude of those who constantly see mud towards those who at least try to see stars has led to much unwarranted debate, unmerited discouragement, and to frequent failure in matters that should have been welcomed with joy. It is said that if one were to go to Paris and would try to learn all about that city from ragpickers, much information could be gathered about the streets and the alleys of that city, but little or nothing could be learned about the serious work that is going on in its great schools, and nothing at all about the researches that are in progress for the benefit and happiness of human life. That the same fact will hold in important cities all over the world need hardly be mentioned.

The discouraging question most commonly used by the seers of mud is, "What is the use of it?" when they are confronted by something abstruse or enigmatic. Thus it is reported that a lady once asked Faraday to tell her all about induced electrical currents. The old scientist did not hesitate to unfold to her in clearest terms what the phenomenon implied. After he had finished, he found himself prodded with the question:

"But professor, what is the use of it?"

"Madam," replied Faraday, "will you

tell me the use of a newborn child?"

Even at times those who ought to know better are unappreciative of what true science means. Thus it is told of the great statesman, Gladstone, that among other irrelevant questions which he placed to Faraday about the uses of electricity, he brought in the champion query of the mud seer, namely, "What's the use of it?"

"Why, sir," Faraday answered, "there's so much use in it that you will soon be able to tax it."

This little punch was not the only one which the world-famous statesman, Gladstone, got during his life time, but it is the one among those that he most deserved. How would he have felt if he had read what Sir Thomas Brown says about the light-minded scoffers? In the following lines, Brown gives his opinion of such people:

"The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire His work; those, on the other hand, highly magnify Him, who by their judicious inquiry into His acts, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration."

Certainly, it is no easy task to search out the laws of nature and to discover her secret powers. Those, who desire to do so, most commonly sacrifice social enjoyments and the usual comforts of living. Then, because they make this sacrifice, they are subjected to the banter of skuldudders and simpletons whose chief purpose in life is "light, love, play." The reverse of this purpose, as the standard of ambition in the things which life offers, is given in the words of Doctor Robert Grant, erstwhile professor of zoology at the University of London. Upon giving the details of his attempt to secure specimens of a certain variety of aquatic creature, which could be obtained only in icy waters, he said by way of concluding his lecture to his class: "I had no companion, I had nothing to eat or drink, I was chilled to the marrow, but, gentlemen, I was amply rewarded; I became the happy possessor of no less than three of these beautiful creatures, these Dories." How different from "light, love, play" was not the zealous labor of this man!

That everybody should be a scientist, or even a lover of science, is not expected, neither would it be wanted; but a disposition to appreciate the social advantages accruing from investigation and research is a prized quality that everybody should emulate. To find witness for this statement, one need but recall that any man, now seventy years old, has lived to see wonders come into use, such as the telephone, the electric lamp, the automobile, the radio, the airplane; and besides these, the more effective combating of disease to which belongs the dicovery of radium. Would any man, now at the age of seventy, dare jibe at the scientists who made these things a possibility by asking the question, "What is the use of it?"

But the scoffer never found a field in which he can be more at large while scattering his flimsy quibs and quirks than that of religion. Here he is the "holier-than-thou" man, and at the same time the "worse-than-devil man." He sees stars only to daub them with mud in order that he might see little more than mud everywhere. If there is a story running about on the wheels of scandal, he has barrels of oil ready to lubricate the wheels as they run. To ask questions is his unending game; to await the answers and give them a thought is contrary to his policy. Imagin-

ing himself to be wiser than Christ, he can see nothing in the supernatural. If he and his kind hear anything about the Catholic Church, it must surely be a false report. In this instance, they will fill both their eyes and ears with mud in order that they may scoff the more.

When it comes to receiving charity, however, then the scoffer and his fellows usually are in the first ranks, and particularly so when looking for charity at the hands of the Catholic Church. In conduct they are always like "dogs which bite the hand that feeds them." Not much searching through records of the past would be required to find instances of this kind in plenty. But why trouble about these sour-minded and bitter fellows who cannot and will not see anything in God's relations to mankind but mud? The loftiest experiences of the human mind are out of reach for the scoffer at religion, as nothing, be it even law or philanthropy, can replace the blessings of religion for him.

To enter into a discussion of the silly statements made about religion by those who never see the light of stars would mean to write a volume of surprising follies, many of which would have to be scored by the names of worldly-wise men who own proud records in most of the "Who's Who" directories, and from them on downward the scoring would have to go to the name of the simpleton who thinks religion is a new kind of beast that can only be found in expensive zoos. In regard to this undertaking a person may well say, "What's the use of it?"

In the domain of art, those who scoff at science and religion are equally dull. The concepts they have of literature, music, painting, and architecture lack every trace of inspiration. Of literature they see or hear only the words, and hence make light to scoff even at the plays of Shakespeare; of music they hear only the sound, and that sound means nothing more to them than the noise of the wind blowing about the house corners; of a painting they see only the frame and wonder why it should not have been made different. Hence it is nothing surprising at all that so many artists refuse to please the scoffers by having their masterpieces framed. When it comes to architecture, ah, well, a barn and a cathedral both have roofs, why then see any difference between them. "Light, love, play," here as well as in other things. Of this trio the scoffer can never get enough, as for other things, well, they are all mud: "What is the use of them?"

It is fortunate indeed that after all the scoffer is no embarrassment to the man of plain common sense. He may prove delightful to individuals of his own sort, but they, together with him, are always riding the horse which will sooner or later throw them. To have "his day in the sun" is the scoffer's one and only ambition, and a worthless ambition it is, but let him have it. He will quickly be shown riding an ass, and in company with this poor animal, he will make a perfect setting for a picture of himself, for braying and scoffing go well together.

Yet it matters little what one might say about scoffing, for it would likely be as difficult to break those who are born to scoff from their propensity to see mud in everything, as it would be hard to make a barnswallow change from using mud to using flowers when building its nest. Probably things will always remain with human beings in this respect as a poet says:

"Two men stood looking through the bars,
One saw the mud, the other saw the stars."

The Dreamer

by

V. J. Ranly '35

While sinking into salmon-colored skies,
The star of day, now grown vermilion,
Clothes itself in crimson draperies,
And for some moments yet delays to hide
Behind the golden rims of clouds
That it might give to man a thrill
Which shall in dreams repeat its counterpart.

Then as evening dews shut out the day,
And weary limbs from slumber
Steal a long caress,
The intermingling hues of sunset glow
Weave in the mind of man a wonderland.
A ship midst ambient, fiery waves he sees
That catch their flames from burning sails,
But ere catastrophe shall have its holocaust,
The picture shrinks; it fades
Full out of view before his inward, eager eyes.

Next on the scene, to blot out trouble's painful trace,
The silvery moon gleams in ecstatic calm,
And plows the welkin's blue with shining furrows manifold
O'er which the stars dance in a tumbling rout
That makes them twinkle, blink, and squint,
While each to other speaks in music's tinkling note
Of all the discord which the moonbeams cause.

In turn, the smiling woodlands come with flowers,
And winds frisk through the boughs of trees,
While hills and dales re-echo songs of birds
That flit through oaks and silver-banded sycamores.
A murmur steals upon the dreamer's rest
And makes illusions dance before his mind
That beckon him with siren's sweetest call
To seek the forest's happy paradise.
The vision melts away in gloom,
And what appeared all roses without thorns

THE DREAMER

Is naught but brambles with tormenting spines
That fill the place of joy with worth of woe
Right on the spot where he had hoped to find
Good cheer and merriment in rendezvous.

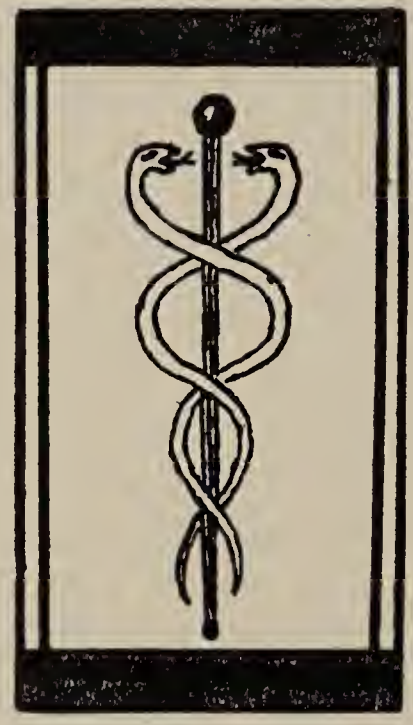
Out in the wilds with not a place to go
For rest or food or shelter's kindly care;
The sky o'ercast shows lightning's flare,
And thunder answers with a roar;
'Tis here the dreamer stands in quaking fear,
While beasts hie to their rustic homes
And birds are still.
Before him, yawning chasms block the way;
One step will hurl him to abysmal depths;
He slips, oh! . . . . . .

Again 'tis summer with its balmy days;
The rose is budding and the jessamine climbs;
The swallows sing while building nests,
And over all there broods a calming rest.
The dreamer returns and is glad to hear
The voices of loved ones answering his call.
May no one disturb him
And break off his dream,
For he sees in God's world in their noblest guise,
Such things as artists and poets most prize.
Hence drag not the dreamer
From his happy domain
Where he rests in contentment at fairyland's door.

AN ANSWER MOSTLY OVERLOOKED

● By Ambrose J. Heimann '35

IT is a superior work even in its English translation this book, "Vipers' Tangle," originally written in French by Francois Mauriac. When one considers that the author was chosen president of the "Societe des Gens Lettres" in his native country, France, there is ample reason to expect excellent literary achievement on his part, and in this regard there is no disappointment in the offing. The French 'litterateurs' give their pledge for that in the case of their president. He is, moreover, finding his place among the famed authors of the literary world.



Like most of Mauriac's works, "Vipers' Tangle" deals with problems of human life. He has been criticised for his ideas by many of the French elite, but with this particular work fault-finding is not an easy matter. Although a small volume in size, yet it has the enviable distinction to hold within its narrow range an important solution for the difficulties and pitfalls that everywhere beset human life. He did not have to reach out further than his own Catholic faith demands to suggest the means — the best within the possession of mankind — to untangle the puzzling skein which ordinarily enmeshes man's social welfare. For the many pressing questions concerning human affairs, he has found the one, the only, and best answer.

Some men prefer misery to happiness that they may be rich. Such is the aged miser in this story, who, though he sees the cavernous jaws of the grave open to swallow him, hates everybody, even his wife and children. He has fallen a victim to the horrid madness of living like a wretch and dying rich. If only he could take his money to the grave with himself, it would please him in the mad enjoyment of his wealth. For him there is no peace in this life, no joy outside of the vicious pleasure of hating everybody down to his own flesh and blood, no future in a blessed eternity, no virtue, and no God. In the narrow world of his shrunken, grouchy, and detestable self, he finds no other a-

musement than to keep a diary in which he records with the utmost bitterness every word spoken by others that does not please him, even if the word is dropped in the family circle, every suspicion that develops in his uneasy mind respecting the joy that might come to others once his property comes into their hands.

Outside of the madness of miserliness which torments the chief, but wretched character of this novel, there is a veritable tangle of vipers which fills the inferno that he has created for himself by his own mode of living. For him life has nothing to await but death; beyond the grave there is no existence; outside of money, everything is an enigma that dwarfs his personality; no ray of hope breaks through the lowering clouds of darkness that threaten to engulf him. He is the victim of a dark and sad fate that brings him nothing but the hissing of fighting vipers to torture him. For a man who has come into this foul predicament, Mauriac shows that the one way out is by the road of the supernatural.

But the supernatural is hard to reach when a man is left to stand alone with nothing but vice as a friend. Hence it is that Mauriac, though he would have his readers despise vileness, urges them to pity the hateful miser whom he depicts as a slave to a most abnormal baseness. Vices are said to have a redeeming power in their own frightful mien. Instead of throwing the sinner back upon himself, others who are more fortunate in the possession of Divine Grace, should come to his aid by trying to disclose this frightful mien of vice to its unfortunate victims. To do as much is Christian, as Mauriac emphasizes; to do less is indifferentism, but it should be done along the lines of truth, and not of fiction. The man made mad by avarice, with whom the author deals, is represented as having a craving that has taken its course into wrong channels because of the loss of supernatural light. It is after all not gold that he cherished; it is not revenge for which he hungered, but it is love which he desired to exercise, only he allowed it to drift inordinately to material things to the utter exclusion of spiritual values. Once the correct explanation comes home to a person respecting the spiritual ailments of others, there will be inducement to help, or at least inducement to pity where otherwise contempt would hold place. If the sorry condition of the miser, as portrayed by Mauriac, will be understood, any one who reads "Vipers' Tangle" will be moved to pity the man, who like so many others of his kind, flounders about in the enigmas of life with nothing but despair as his portion.

Thus the answer mostly overlooked, when there is question of redeeming people from the dizziness brought on by the endless complexities of life, has been rightly given by Mauriac in this novel when he points to faith in Christ and His Church as the way out of the maze of social and spiritual entanglements which so often leads to helpless confusion. To the dispelling of this confusion true and firm faith resolutely sets it face. By indicating this fact, and that without apology, Mauriac takes stern issue with that class of people, who, just because they have not been declared public enemies, complacently think that they have no need of religion. The misfortune of the miser in "Vipers' Tangle" and his only cure stand as a warning to these gullible disciples of agnosticism. If religion did nothing more than bring peace

to man's mind and calmness to his nerves, it would in itself be a priceless boon, but as Mauriac implies it is infinitely more than that. With him it is the only force that can successfully cope with any and every distressing human situation.

Besides being a novel that directly shows the beauty and the blessing of the Catholic faith, it has those literary qualities that make it captivating reading, even in the form of a translation. Decisive statements of opinion and belief run through the work from start to finish. Neither conjecture nor supposition nor half-meaning is in evidence when there is question of facts. Mauriac apparently had a higher purpose in mind in this particular work than mere story telling. What he has to tell is vital; it belongs to the solution of the gravest problems that penetrate every-day life. It is always heartening to see a writer of the present day rise above the morass of mere naturalism and present a sane and wholesome view of living. Stories of the exotic, the fantastic, the ultra-sophisticated, and the backyard variety have tried hard to have their day in the sun. They have had it only to leave a welter of rubbish in the minds of readers, but there is something more than a welter of opinions, something higher than the pen of the hectic, prurient writer could offer, in "Vipers' Tangle." There is reason, there is hope, there is faith, there is consolation in this work. It is simply elevating and ideal in character.

Mauriac, furthermore, knew how to develop extremely dramatic scenes. The relations of the old miser to his family, and his attitude towards others exhibit instances that are frequently pathetic and of deep and thrilling interest. Nothing is allowed to drag with him. One scene grows out of another, steadily and rapidly, as the story progresses to its goal. Of this goal, the author never loses sight by straining for episodes, but he works directly towards a climax at which the solution of the problem he has in mind is revealed. The ideas advanced flow from conviction; they have grown in Mauriac's own soul.

With no guidance coming from his hands, Mauriac's characters are left alone to exploit their own intrinsic charm. The old miser and robust hater consistently follows his own views; he dominates every scene in which he appears. The memory of this fox-like schemer will not easily be erased from a reader's mind even if the other personages in the novel with whom he daily rubs elbows may be forgotten. It must not be understood, however, that these other personages or minor characters in this novel are mere caricatures or shadow images on the stage of life; they are not mere skeletons of men and women. But it is their lot to say little and worry a great deal without being able to remedy their condition. It is their duty to be useful, not according to their desires, but according to the situation in which they find themselves.

The entire story is a weirdly living thing. Mauriac has a remarkable ability to twist one's interest from one action to another, quite as it happens to a person who finds his interests changing from this to that affair in the routine of life. In the handling of his theme, he shows all the cleverness required to keep one's attention wide awake by exhibiting ever changing and colorful human situations. His ideas are clear of foggy meanings and inanities. Each one of them is great or small according to the personality of the character to whom they belong, but each has its exact

duty to perform in the narrative. Here are freshness, dexterity, and profound conviction, such as a reader seldom encounters to the same degree in dozens of other books.

In the opinion of able writers, "Vipers' Tangle" does not fall short of excellent tribute. Thus R. Mortimer in his "New Statesman" says: "The extreme professional accomplishment of M. Mauriac's writing is likely to land him very soon in the Academie Francaise.... I think he is most essentially a novelist of all the Frenchman now writing novels." In "Time and Tide," Raymond Postgate says: "The book is admirably written, quick moving, even exciting." But for people in general, its excellency consists in the fact that the book is an answer to questions most commonly overlooked.

Nature's Volors

by

M. R. Spegele '35

Behold yon volors rise in dense array
And proudly cumber heaven's massive pool
Like flocks of swans! No webbed foot they need,
Nor a propeller's blade. They make their way
As whim of breeze, or as conceit demands
Without a captain's shout or pilot's wheel.
Whatever freight they bear will reach its port;

They fear no howling storms nor grounding sands.
These volors are the clouds that sail the main,
Which thunders high above the head of man,
And from their heights, they search the parching soil
To quench its thirst with floods of drenching rain.
No chart is theirs or map to guide their course,
As nature rules them with her mighty force.

If one would have of man an image just,
Who battles life without an aim or goal,
These foggy volors would supply the plan;
But with this difference that these volors must
Bring rain; while thoughtless man lives without gain.

THE OLD FATHER OF BIOGRAPHY

● By Edward Maziarz '35

A philosopher who placed his belief in the doctrines of Plato, and did not demur at tincturing them with eclecticism; a historian who was amusingly inaccurate, but highly interesting nevertheless; a man who was supremely happy in his surroundings and always manifested a natural charm and an amiable personality; such was Plutarch, the father of biography. Although he lived and wrote in the first century of the Christian era, his biographies have retained their youthful vigor and fascination throughout the two succeeding centenary decades. The interest he awakens in the personages whom he describes never fades. There is about his character sketching a full, refreshing earnestness which always provokes delight.

This delight grows out of the natural passion for surprising anecdotes; a passion which obsessed Plutarch with all the vehemence of an obvious fault. In a way it is a happy fault, only that occasionally it becomes boring, for he cannot forbear repeating numerous versions of the same story. That he spoils the tale by this process and creates the impression of inaccuracy and even of injustice towards the personages whom he describes, apparently does not occur to him. Despite this defect, his tales, however, develop a surpassing interest. They make the ancient days of old Greece and Rome shine with all the brilliance of sensation and surprise. As an example, one might adduce the "Symposiac, or After Dinner Questions." Here the company is a motley group of philosophers, grammarians, physicians, novices preparing for temple services, and numerous relatives. The questions proposed are of a most varied and diverse nature: moral, grammatical, antiquarian, at times grave, then quibbling, or even outrightly humorous. The following will serve as an apt illustration of the questions considered: "In what sense does Plato say that God uses geometry? Why do we hear better by night than by day? Which existed first, the hen or the egg? Why are dreams less true in autumn?" Interesting, of course, one might say, but hardly worth any more than the question, "Why is man a biped?"

Hence, if some slight allowance is made in "Plutarch's Lives" for a tittle of weakness for anecdotes, for a considerable amount of quasi-religious antagonism to such democratic leaders who excited even the philosophic scorn of Plato, and for the prevailing inability to disengage fact from fable, the several sketches offered about Latin and Greek heroes are quite entertaining and even enjoyable. Really there are charming nuggets of wisdom, master strokes of character delineation, and much faithful history scattered throughout "The Lives".

Untruthful on purpose, Plutarch would not be for the sake of the most savory story. At least he gives no indication of any such disposition. What he does show in his writings is an unsuppressable desire to tell all he knows about persons whom he has singled out for description, and he feels that he knows a great deal about them. Since he is personally convinced that what he narrates is true, he communicates his own convictions to others with an eagerness that makes him interesting above most classical writers. Concerning great men, he had his mind jammed full of what he thought to be facts. He found it easy to give these men a setting among important traditions, popular events, games, fables, and gods. The variety of knowledge displayed in his biographies is so extensive that it touches all branches of knowledge belonging to his day. It makes no difference to him whether it be a question of morals, or of ethics, or of philosophy that must be discussed to give the person whom he is describing a proper atmosphere, he is ready and equal to the task. But under all circumstances he is as friendly as he is intimate in what he decides to say.

When he finds it suitable to his purpose to employ poetic quotations to cast a floodlight on one or the other of his heroes, he gives evidence that he is a connoisseur of poetry. Thus, when speaking of Numa Pompilius and the supposed reign of this monarch, he quotes very pointedly:

"Over the iron shield the spiders hang their threads —

Rust eats the pointed spear and the double-edged sword.

No more is heard the trumpet's brazen roar,

Sweet sleep is banished from his eyes no more."

To enable one to understand the quality of Plutarch a glance at the philosophical makeup of his mind is necessary. A man's philosophy will always determine his attitude towards life and his conduct towards others. Plutarch, being eclectic in his philosophy, chose what appeared to him as advisable and truthful. In his decisions regarding others, he was guided by a strong belief in the unity of the godhead and in the inviolable dispensations of a divine will. But strange to say, he thought it absurd that there should be no mean between the extremes of mortality and immortality. Hence he believed in beings whom he calls genii or demons. These, so he supposed, often interfered with the affairs of man, and in particular made it their business to communicate with the best of men. Added to this, he asserts belief in the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Beliefs of this kind often determined his judgment of others, as will become clear to any one who reads "The Lives" thoughtfully.

Living today in the minds of men after the lapse of so many centuries, there is every reason to take for granted that he will continue to live as long as interest in literature will remain alive in this world. His is not the art of the persuasive orator who by his words rouses the blood of people and makes them clamor for war and carnage, but his is the example of the peaceful citizen, who lives happily and observes the habits of his fellowmen with a kindly eye while being content with the lot which the gods have laid upon him. As a writer he does not plan to stir a sense of exaltation or triumph in his readers, but would rather have them enjoy that peace-

ful serenity which lingers near home and fireside where the truth may be contemplated in pleasant quietness that men who are called great are not altogether excellent, and that villainy does not belong solely to men in the humbler walks of life. To illustrate this important fact in relation to human life, Plutarch, in his "Lives" has presented a stage on which mighty players of ages past come to play their part and leave, never to be forgotten, just as the most modern reader chooses to be delighted and chooses to have it done. To a man who has rendered this outstanding service, thanks are due. Hence it is that the Romans inscribed on the base of a statue raised in honor of Plutarch the immortal lines:

"Chaeronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise,
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shared
(Their heroes written, and their lives compared.)
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none."

Acrostic

by

G. Kelly '36

G-oing through rough icy waters
E-ver forward to meet his goal;
O-nward to battle and glory,
R-eturning victorious and bold.
G-aining and at length winning
E-ver freedom for the Red, White, and Blue.

W-inter, at Valley Forge, furious,
A-llowed him no mercy from friend or from foe;
S-aving his worn and small army
H-e harbored all patriots there.
I-n that awful bleak and cold weather
N-ever himself he would spare;
G-aining more victories, his purpose,
T-hat liberty might be declared.
O-nward, oh, onward, his watchword!
N-o trouble could make him despair.

"THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST"

● By William Callahan '37

HAVE you ever in the course of browsing through a library, picked up a volume, glanced at the title, then formed a hasty opinion of its character and scope? Often have I done so. Still I must admit that if the title was intriguing, I delved into the book, if it failed to appeal to me I cast it aside. At times I have been keenly disappointed upon further reading, in fact with sufficient frequency as to make me wary of appealing titles. Weariness was unwarranted when Kipling's "The Ballad of East and West" came to my attention.

Perhaps I belong to that class of people which is becoming more and more prevalent, a class which realizes that there is such a thing as poetry, but a thing to be avoided like the mumps. This curious complex may be caused by several factors: time and effort are required, spontaneous interest is not always generated, really smart people do not go in for it seriously. Involved in a more or less precarious struggle for existence in this fast-moving, matter-of-fact age, these individuals generally lack adequate time for real thinking and concentration, much less for "flights of fancy far away." Slight wonder is it, then, that they have little interest in the Muses, a full appreciation of whom can come only from real thinking and an awakened imagination.

With such mental antecedents I was naturally in a rather skeptical mood when "The Ballad" forced itself into my life. To me it was just another dull class assignment. My skepticism was destined to vanish before the moving rhythm and story of this poem which seemed to agree with the spirit of this our age, although it is hardly contemporary. Being fairly familiar with the tenor of Kipling's works I knew his views on ethnological questions. As a result the title of the work gave me a clue to its message of the Orient and the Occident. Those immortal first two lines,

Oh East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat.

only served to clinch my opinion. As I read on I became more and more delighted. Rapidly "The Ballad" surpassed my most sanguine expectations and overcame inherent prejudice. Near the close of the poem that superb opening quatrain is repeated. Somehow it rejuvenated me. By some mysterious element, perchance oriental, the verse seemed to have communicated to me some of its strength and power. I feel confident that the last two lines give a resume of the spirit and power of the whole:

But there is neither East nor West, nor Breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!

All the vigorous masculinity and strong movement characteristic of the entire poem are emphasized in these lines; more than this, their contents and spirit are the motif of the stirring tale. While Kipling's mastery of the short story is unquestioned, his excursions in the realm of verse definitely manifest artistic versatility. In tropical India the story finds its locale. An outlaw tribe has been ravaging the territory policed by an English detachment of soldiers. In one of these stories, the outlaws have stolen the Colonel's prize mare. Because the Colonel expressed strong feeling at the loss, his son, with youthful temerity, went out to recover the horse. With clear, sharp strokes his adventures in the outlaw camp are limned. There, by his display of courage, he not only won back the mare but also acquired the respect and friendship of the outlaw chief. Even in prose. this tale would prove enthralling. From the first line to the last one's attention is held captive. Only verse of this nature is the proper vehicle for Kipling's message.

Into the "Ballad of East and West" Kipling has incorporated the pulsing rhythm of "Lepanto" and the rugged virility of his own short stories. The poem is free of all bombast and pretentious metaphor. The striking clarity of its style endows it with unique driving force, rather a rarity in verse. No longer do I believe that poetry to be effective must necessarily soar to the ethereal heights attained by Thompson or St. Vincent Millay.

Quite often I have read a novel several times, progressively deriving greater pleasure from each rereading; but I have hardly had the same experience with poetry. "The Ballad" is an exception. It seemed that each successive perusal was an invitation for me to read it again. By repetition one becomes more and more conscious of the stimulating and vital language of its lines; witness the following words:

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.

The poem, however, is more than an exciting story related in picturesquely vigorous language. It is a condemnation of man's eternal leaning toward prejudice and war. Kipling emphasizes nicely the fact that two big and strong men, big and strong both physically and mentally, will not strive against each other in enmity. They realize the futility of battle. They know that the result will always be tragic. The same idea must have possessed the mind of Cowper when he wrote:

That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other.

Kipling has penned much in the same strain for the purpose of removing racial barriers. He has striven especially in his writing to point out the fine qualities of India and of her people. This aim is successfully achieved in "The Ballad of East and West." In it the Indian chieftan, rebel and outlaw though he be, is still a man of honor in his own peculiar fashion, a man who respects strength and courage in a foe.

"The Ballad" is a complete sermon and lecture in itself; yet it does not gain its effect by outright moralizing. If a story be told with vividness and point; the reader, if intelligent, quickly derives the theme. This theme remains securely in his mind, kept there by the pulsing rhythm and incisive diction in which it was given to him by one of the greatest contemporary English authors.



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REV. M. B. KOESTER, C.PP.S. — REV. S. H. LEY, C.PP.S.

THE EDITORS

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Patching the Nets

The twentieth century, we would like to believe, is synonymous with a "Century of Progress." We believe in that century, wondering at its wonders; yet sometimes we are too near the forest to see the trees. A conflict rages that we commonly overlook; it is the struggle of society slowly dragging itself upward from the repulsive, clutching tentacles of crime — the other face on the head of our Janus-like progress. We are ready to blame want or poverty for begetting crime. Perhaps the real parent of crime is a lack of common sense. If this supposition is true, then at least the lack of this enviable endowment, common sense, is very widespread in our home land of forty eight states.

Like a vast battlefield on which crime often rears its ugly head, our homeland stretches from ocean to ocean. Above it hovers the symbolic eagle of democratic power; on its surface, sinister powers only too frequently hold sway. One of these is organized crime. To combat this enemy of social progress many a scheme, much open warfare, and plenty of ammunition have been brought into action. Federal police, state police, county police, municipal police have scratched their heads for a long time in an effort to devise theories which, upon being reduced to practice, would wall-up crime and make for public security.

Theories, however, are cheap; they may be had at bargain-counter prices. If they emerge into actuality, they are more often found wanting than satisfactory. This is especially so when there is theorizing about the prevention of crime. Practically always in this instance, theory finds its way into practice in the form of policemen's clubs and the walls of prisons. But these remedies for crime are hoary with age and are always somewhat dubious in value as medicines are in a case of pneumonia. Certainly, they are necessary — these remedies — but why let them stand alone? Has religion nothing to do with human life? We have recently seen what the League of Decency could accomplish. More united efforts of this kind should be made to attack crime in its strongholds. Quite as that League evolved from true and earnest religion, so other movements similar in nature could be set on foot for the more effective combating of crime than any merely civil means could accomplish. Religion of all things is the most gentilizing force in the world. Where it is invoked, crime loses ground, and good morals prevail at least in large measure. Then, why not resort to this expedient rather than to brute force. Force usually produces antagonism and a desire to circumvent its demands; while religion always appeals to

man's common sense and points out the road which leads upward and onward to happiness. Let us have more help for the public good such as the League of Decency has offered. Where religion sets its landmark, crime will generally be conquered, for religion uses decency as a sign-board to point the way to saner and better living. If, therefore, more religion were brought into practice to assist the arm of the civil law in mending the loopholes in the social nets through which crime usually escapes and flouts punishment, there would be far less chance for criminal organizations to form and to operate.

G.D.L.

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St. Joseph's Alumni Chapters

The sun, if gifted with speech, could tell innumerable stories of the various customs and habits that obtain in the different countries of the world. Hardly ever would this great luminary feel constrained to adhere to a monotonous sameness in narrative excepting in a few instances, such as a mother's love, a mother's affection, and a mother's care, for these items never vary around the entire globe. Likewise, the parental love of dutiful sons and daughters never differs in quality. Even when the child has grown into manhood, he never, in particular, forgets his mother.

"Alma Mater", dearest mother, is the title by which graduates commonly know their former school. A more appropriate name could not be found for an institution that for a number of years has guided and directed the steps of those who have been in its motherly charge. For many evident reasons, a school may be called a second mother.

The Alumni of St. Joseph's have in general returned that thanks which an "Alma Mater" rightly expects from her sons who through her care and guidance have met with success in life. Still more, however, could be done. In what manner and how, one might question? The answer to this question lies in the movement which St. Joseph's has already inaugurated — organizing alumni chapters. Benefits from such organizations are abundant, both for the alumni and for their "Alma Mater". Certainly, St. Joseph's is a trifle late in resorting to the use of a means from which colleges and universities throughout the country have been harvesting splendid results already for a number of years. But the movement toward organized alumni chapters has begun, and there are good prospects that within a reasonable space of time, St. Joseph's will have these chapters organized in every state, city, town, and county where a sufficient number of alumni reside to make this undertaking feasible.

Since 1896, St. Joseph's has been the proud "Alma Mater" of an Alumni Association which has held its meetings annually. The Association has been, beyond question, a real asset to the college, but in comparison with the results obtainable from organized chapters its activities were necessarily limited.

A good beginning has been made with respect to organizing these alumni chapters. Four of them have already been established, namely, one each at Akron and Delphos, Ohio, and one each in Ft. Wayne and in Lake County, Indiana. These represent but a beginning. Very soon chapters will be organized in Chicago, and Louisville. Other centers have recently been chosen, and very soon, every alumnus of St. Joseph's will find it possible to meet

his fellow alumni more readily than former conditions would allow.

That this work may prosper is the expressed ambition of St. Joseph's. With the hearty cooperation of the almuni in forming these contemplated chapters, success in this venture will not be far distant, and the work will promote the welfare, aim, and purpose of the school.

J.G.T.



EXCHANGES

With the arrival of the *Clepsydra* we wish once again to extend a very hearty welcome to this excellent quarterly. It ranks among the best of our exchanges. The first issue opens with a very noteworthy essay, "Litterateur on Carmel." In this little masterpiece the author brings out the literary perfection of her who, although one of the best known of Spanish writers, is even among Catholics too little appreciated; namely, St. Teresa of Avila. In "Through Other Eyes," a short story both interesting and well constructed, we notice an unusually good character portrayal. The characters really live. Clever descriptions make "Danish Twilight" a very interesting article. "Coleridge" gives us in two exceptionally well constructed essays, this great author's status both as a "Man" and as "The Gentleman of the Press;" it shows that the faults of his often misunderstood life are readily pardonable. The author of "Coleridge-The Man" states with undoubted truth: "Had there been a Boswell to idealize him, Coleridge's fame would far surpass its present bounds. Then his ever-mutable opinions would be justified, his unchristian conduct excused. Some balance would be established between his splendid theories of morality and his pitiable weakness of will. Then the great Romanticist would receive due homage; Samuel Taylor Coleridge would no longer be considered the "Damaged Archangel," or at least the famous criticism would receive a new accent: the 'damaged' would be mitigated somewhat by the remembrance of the 'archangel.' In an interesting, as well as lighter vein, "Or What You Will" shows the reasons for Shakespeare's attaching this appendage to the title of his "Twelfth Night." "In the Vanguard," the writer of "A Survey of Contemporary Catholic Women Poets," shows a thorough knowledge of the subject. "Uncle V" is another excellent character portrayal. "The Hunter," a life of that father of Kentucky, Daniel Boone, brings us to a greater appreciation of this hardy pioneer, while "A Ballad of Uppowoc," a rare treat, places a humorous halo of courage and keen-mindedness upon his noble brow. The fact that no matter what a person's name or position in life may be, his friends will not forget him even in death, "Obit" brings forth in a very clever manner. The Library Table is handled to perfection as are also the Editorials. The poetry is also ingenious, especially that short gem, "Souvenir," and "A Ballad of Uppowoc," the latter of which has been cited above. Finally, the *Clepsydra* should be especially congratulated for its original art.

Another of our old and faithful friends, the *Black Hawk,* from Mount Mary College, comes to us as a light, revealing the character and art of Charles Lamb. "The Smiles and Tears of Elia," which calls Lamb "mellow like aged wine or the wood

of a master's violin," and "The English Epicure," which describes this same gentleman as "the most 'punned on' man in literary history" are both well written and interesting. While the workmanship in it is very good, "Cross Currents" leaves one with the thought that something vital is missing. The dialogue and setting, however, are well executed. "The Little Entente" is a scholarly discussion of the Central European Powers and their relation to one another. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the different strifes and struggles which have taken place in these countries during the last few years. "Light" is a very true picture of the poor boy who tried to make good but failed despite all his efforts. This little short story is, we believe, the best piece of fiction in the entire magazine. The numerous short selections — impressions, descriptions, and appreciations — add exceedingly to the charm of the magazine. The Editorials and Book Reviews are, like the rest of the magazine, well constructed. In the *Black Hawk,* poetry (and excellent poetry it is) abounds. While it is not the most elaborate of the poems, we consider "A Star Fell" the most expressive and striking.

With its familiar blue and yellow garb, *The Canisius Quarterly* is also once again our welcome guest. The first issue promises great success for this unpretentious magazine. Although in our personal opinion we are not in sympathy with the theme of "'Ridin' the Border," we must admit that the author has brought forth his view in a very convincing manner. "What of Anthony Adverse?" is, beyond a doubt, one of the best criticisms we have ever found in a college journal. Such passages as: "The warp of the story is woven with multi-colored strands of skillful characterization" cannot but strike the ear of any lover of beauty and charm in literature. "What of Anthony Adverse" is certainly the best article in the Fall number. "February Without Thaw" and "Eagle Bluff" are both fairly well-written short stories. It seems, however, that *The Canisius Quarterly* is more successful with essays than with short stories. "The First Legion" is a well written review of the play of the same name. "Open All Night" is a true description of night life in any of the smaller lunch rooms scattered along the highways throughout the country. The Editorials are very good, but we are not so sure that "the style of collegiate journalism has become too hidebound and rigid for its purpose." We believe that the middle course, the well trodden path which is followed by most college journals, is the safest. *The Canisius Quarterly,* it seems, has, despite its views on the subject, followed this course. The Book Reviews uphold the standards set by the rest of the magazine. *The Canisius Quarterly,* we are pleased to note, also likes the cream of literature — poetry. We like especially "The Idealist."

In addition to these we wish gratefully to acknowledge the following: *The Wag,* Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois; *The Fleur-De-Lis,* St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri; *Marywood Bay Leaf,* Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania; *The Loyola Quarterly,* Loyola University Chicago, Illinois; *Duquesne Monthly,* Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Salesian College Magazine,* Salesian College, London; *The Gleaner,* St. Joseph College, Hinsdale, Illinois; *The Aurora,* St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Indiana; *St. Vincent Journal,* St. Vincent College, Latrobe, Pennsylvania; *The Exponent,*

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio; *The Purple Pen,* Iowa State Teachers College, Ames, Iowa; *Xaverian News,* Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Collegian,* St. Mary's College, California; *The Chimes,* Cathedral College, New York; *Il Sangue Prezioso della Nostra Redenzione,* Rome; *The Broadcaster,* Notre Dame of Quincy, Quincy, Illinois.





The Catholic Church in Action

By Michael Williams

Since time immemorial the Roman Catholic Church has been just the Catholic Church, a church centuries old, and to most of us, a church functioning rather mysteriously; its ponderous mechanisms of temporal and spiritual government creaking so seldom that few of us have ever stopped to consider just what the secret of its efficient rule really is.

How is the Catholic Church ruled? What are the Roman Congregations? Has the Church a diplomatic service? What is Catholic Action? These are only a few of the many questions concerning the Catholic Church which the average layman asks himself; to Michael Williams these questions form only a small outline of what he has embodied in his recent publication — *The Catholic Church in Action,* the December choice of the Catholic Book Club.

To present to the individual a compact history of the Church, to relate briefly but efficiently the duties of the Congregations and Tribunals and the other innumerable bureaus, to portray the part which the Church's diplomatic service plays in the fate of nations and the welfare of the souls under its care, to acquaint the layman with the Church as it is today, functioning as it does under its laity, its clergy, its bishops, its pope, is the purpose of Michael Williams in writing this book.

A book pertaining to the Catholic Church, and especially a book dealing directly with the government and perpetuity of the Catholic Church, as this one does, must necessarily be the fruit of many years of research work. To investigate and to accumulate important data concerning the Catholic Church, Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal,* devoted fifteen years to acquaint himself with his subject matter.

It is deplored by authorities that Catholics know so little about their Church. The faithful themselves have often expressed the desire of knowing more about their Spiritual Mother; yet up to recent times there have been no compact books dealing solely with this subject. The first concise volume containing an observation on the Catholic Church was presented in the middle of 1934. The book was of non-Catholic origin, and while remarkable for its sympathetic and understanding knowledge of the Church, it lacked at times the certitude which such a book must have. In contrast with *The Vatican: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow, The Catholic Church in Action* is the work of an outstanding Catholic layman. It deals with the matter of *The Vatican,* but broadens out into other fields in the second part of the book, taking in the Church throughout

the world. Mr. Williams excels George Seldes, the author of *The Vatican;* the former writes not only forcefully and authentically, but also presents the plain, unvarnished truth about the Church, both in the times when it was a flourishing spiritual leader, and in the times when corruption entered in. As a Catholic he is to be commended for his unbiased and frank truths which aid one so invaluably in refuting the innumerable falsehoods that tend to hamper the work of the Church.

The Catholic Church in Action is significant of the increase of Catholic literature and of the resurgence of the Church into a world-wide field of activity; it is the unmistakable proof that movements are now in progress for a more intelligible understanding of the Catholic Church. While one could write volumes on the above title, Michael Williams, realizing the needs of the people, has in three hundred and forty-three pages condensed his facts into a not too terse, but accurate outline of the vital organism of the Church.

Strictly non-controversial *The Catholic Church in Action* makes no effort to prove or to defend the fundamental spiritual, moral, and intellectual teachings of the Church. "These teachings are simply stated, or reported, when and where their statement is necessary for the reader to grasp the meaning, the purpose, the end of the operations of the Church as an entity, or of any particular department of its intricate organization."

Although the writing is factual and expository, the book claims the attention of the reader. The author's statements are his logic; the conclusions are obvious to the reader. Michael Williams is a connoisseur of mature, clean cut, and thought-provoking sentences; his diction displays his choice selection of precise words.

The Catholic student should feel not merely a desire to read this book; he should feel an obligation to read it. As a handy reference work no other book can take its place. The Catholic Church is not dormant; it is rapidly coming to the fore under the impetus of a reawakened laity. The youth of today is the man of tomorrow. Tomorrow he will have to be a leader of Catholic Action, and only after he has read and reread and has assimilated such knowledge as is contained in *The Catholic Church in Action,* only then, will he be equipped to be a leader in the primary principle of Catholic Action; namely, "the pursuit of personal Christian perfection." As a necessary consequence, to quote Pius XI, "this first step implies a knowledge of our Faith, a deep personal love of Christ and His Church, and a zeal and determination to think and live all phases of our lives as Catholics."

Anthony Gamble '36.

The Book of Talbot

By Violet Clifton

A tall grizzled man, sapped of life, cautiously walked from his sick bed to a couch on the other side of the room. Talbot Clifton drew himself up; he was ready; he finally died. Talbot Clifton lay dead at Teneriffe, Africa, March 23, 1928; the proud Talbot, the curious Talbot who fought and lived for sixty years. Often his kindness and will preserved him. He was an adventurer and a husband; but first an adventurer, for he had the determination to live in every part of the world — especially in the most remote and the most difficult parts. No ties held him to Lytham Hall, Lancashire. He re-

solved to prove himself. His love of nature, his simplicity, his greed for life, his fearlessness and his love of danger and of hardship upheld him in Alaska, in the Barren Lands of the Hudson Bay, in the jungles of Africa, in Siberia, in Tibet, and in countries of South America. In the Andes Talbot Clifton met Violet Beauclerk. He gave Violet his worn-brown volume of Shakespeare, but he kept his flute and continued to note in his diary. And in England he married Violet, who thereafter travelled with him.

When Violet begins to speak, the spirit of *The Book of Talbot* quickens quietly. A tone of freshness and a flavor of romanticism rises up and spreads. In this part of the book Mrs. Clifton's vehicle of poetic prose becomes more poetic and beautiful. The story of Clifton's life moves more swiftly; a great love beats and drums; sincerity colors; the grace of the Catholic faith tempers; dramatic intensity surges; certain fibers strain and hold; incidents are not put so boldly; conversation flashes; a great skill in writing slightly lessens; a tiny fear slips in and grows — Talbot is unknown; he is gone. But by this book Talbot Clifton still lives.

Edward McCarthy '35.

The Lonely Lady of Dulwich

By Maurice Baring

No doubt the most dominant feature of this novel is the way in which the author develops the idea of the "eternal triangle" and at the same time keeps within the bounds of becomingness. By this I do not mean that the book is unfit for perusal. On the contrary, it is a pleasing and well-written review of the life of a lady who made a "common sense" marriage develop into an exciting adventure or two before her last mistake caused it to be abruptly terminated.

Thrown over by a man who was everything to her, Zita Mostyn marries Robert Harmer on the rebound. She reasons thus: "If I fall in love with anyone, he is sure to be undesirable, impossible, because those are the people one falls in love with; if I do not marry, I will hang around my mother's neck like a millstone." It is easily seen that a marriage under such conditions bodes no good to anyone.

The reader is then jerked with laconic ease through many pages of varied scenes until his attention centers on the departure of the Harmers for Paris. Here they meet some relatives of Robert, and spend many happy moments in their company. It is here that the triangle first develops. Robert hires Bertrand, a well-known Parisian artist, to paint Zita's portrait; it is at his studio that she meets Jean Bosis. Although they are together almost constantly from that time on, due perhaps to the fact that they are never entirely alone, or because they do not look for anything like that to happen, they do not discover that they love each other until Robert tells Zita that his business is calling him back to London. Then she and Jean plan to leave for Algiers on the eve of her presumed departure for London. However, Robert learns of the plot in some manner, and Zita, rather than have him create a scene, returns to London.

Here Zita resumes her completely passive routine and seems to enjoy it. But when Robert is ordered to Hareville for a rest cure, she is not unwilling to go. They again meet their old Paris friends. Jean, who has developed into a renowned author,

comes to Hareville, but any renewal of interest which Zita might have had in him is overshadowed by the affection which she knows that she is developing for Walter Price, an English-American journalist.

During the following winter Zita's love for Price grows constantly. When she and Robert again go to Hareville, Zita is desperately searching for some way out of her dilemma. The group receives word that Jean has died, and when Price tells Zita that he has been commissioned to write an intimate history of Jean's career, she pours the whole story into his eager ears. He leaves Hareville and the Harmers return to London.

Then misfortune arrives in full regalia. Zita receives a letter from Price in which he thanks her profusely for her help, which has enabled him to get a very good job and to marry a girl who has been waiting a long time for him. However, misfortune is not yet satisfied. Robert comes across a paper carrying Price's story and asks Zita to grant him a divorce. After all the settlements have been made, she moves to Dulwich and lives there until death ends her seventieth year.

"Zita was a beautiful old lady. Her hair was white and there were many tiny wrinkles on her lovely skin; but in her carriage, her movements, and her walk were the authority that only great beauty and the certainty of having possessed it confer, and her smile lit up a whole room. People who would see her walking in Dulwich Village and Dulwich Park would wonder who she was and what her story had been — that is to say, if she had a story, which they thought unlikely. They called her the "Lonely Lady."

An exquisite character study whose chief beauty of style is its lack of emphasis, this book seems to touch the extreme point of slightness and vagueness. It is a tale of frustrated love, told simply and quietly. My first impression of the book was none too favorable, but a second reading has changed my mind to a great extent. I cannot help but feel sorry for Zita, who tried to make things work at all times, and ended by being a "Lonely Lady."

John LaBadie '35.

SJC ALUMNI

The Calumet chapter of the St. Joseph's Alumni Association met to dispose of a perch dinner and elect officers for the ensuing year on Friday, January 4, 1935. Losing no time in disposing of the fish, the members immediately chose the following men to guide the destinies of the organization: Chaplain, the Rev. Edward Mungovan, pastor of All Saints Parish, Hammond; President, John Tokarz, Whiting; Vice-President, Jerome Dalton, Hammond; Secretary-Treasurer, Jack Jones, Gary.

Calumet Chapter

After the business details had been cleared up, the fifty alumni present and the nine undergraduates, guests of the chapter, set about enjoying themselves. Father Mungovan genially accepted the role of toastmaster and the fun began. A round of the assembly was made and everyone in attendance arose to explain his present position, whether it was superintendent or still-man, steel worker or student, pastor or just assistant. A number of stunts, including a song and dance and a few stories, was next on hand. Needless to say, all were received with great enjoyment.

To top off the occasion, the Rev. Joseph B. Kenkel, C.PP.S., in a brief speech congratulated the members of the chapter for their great show of spirt and extended his wish for a successful year.

It seems to the writer that this spirit of good fellowship should act as an impetus for the organization of many more alumni chapters wherever St. Joe men are in abundance. Likewise, it seems that if the Alumni Association would appoint a secretary from each class, a closer bond between alumnus and Alma Mater could be tied.

To our news-eager ears comes word that another alumnus has been signally honored. The Rev. Charles M. Magsam, '22-'28, who has been studying in Rome where he was sent in October, 1933 by his superior at Maryknoll, has been appointed private secretary to His Eminence Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. We are sure that Father Magsam will exhibit in his new work the same zeal that characterized his days at St. Joseph's. While not wanting to appear boastful, we cannot help but feel that this is another boost for St. Joseph's. Our best wishes for success go to Father Magsam, together with the message that we are proud of him and his endeavors.

Another Boost

The Rev. Joseph Marling, C.PP.S., S.T.D.,Ph.D., '18-'23, was a recent visitor. Father Marling was on his way to the meeting of the Catholic Philosophical Association at Chicago. He is a professor at

A Distinguished Visitor

St. Charles Seminary, Carthagena, Ohio. "The place still looks just as it did in my days," said Father Marling, as he visited some of his favorite spots. We are glad that the alumni have a special place in their heart for St. Joseph's, and that, though the college is constantly improving, it always looks the same to them.

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CYO Makes Wise Choice

St. Joseph County, Indiana, is to be congratulated on the results of the election of officers to govern the permanent organization of the CYO in that territory. Edmund A. Wills, '97-'03, was elected to the chairmanship of the advisory council for this organization. Mr. Wills has long been prominent in South Bend business affairs, and this recent appointment is but another milestone in a career marked by nothing but success. We are justly proud of you Mr. Wills, and we wish you Godspeed in all your future endeavors.

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Under New Management

Rhythmic syncopation of enrapturing melody fills the southern air as the dance gets under way nightly at the Casa Madrid, Louisville's largest and finest dance floor. The newly decorated Casa Madrid, now featuring a spectacular floor show, opened this last fall under new management. The new manager, Courtney Bosler, was responsible for all the outstanding improvements. When it takes clear and original ideas to put things over Court is always there. The COLLEGIAN staff congratulates you, Courtney.

Court and his sister gave a private dance during the Christmas holidays for which they sent invitations to their friends. We hear that over a thousand invitations were sent out. Among those attending were Larry Bloemer, David Maloney, Frank Gannon, '34, Court's own classmates, and Al Wight and Tony Bisig. That's the way to stick together, alumni, but doesn't that give "you all" an idea for organizing a Louisville chapter of the Cardinal and Purple?

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A Happy Homecoming

"For the past three years I have longed to visit my Alma Mater, and now that I had the opportunity, I am glad to say that St. Joseph's has made rapid strides forward." This was the sentiment expressed by the Rev. Jerome Wolf, C.PP.S., as he paid us a short visit before taking up his position as temporary assistant in Whiting, Ind. Father Wolf was graduated from St. Joseph's in 1928.

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Wedding

From "the gateway of the south" came the news that Fred Moore '30 of Bardstown, Kentucky was married to the former Miss Jane Lutkemeier sister of two St. Joe alumni and former professors, the Reverends Joseph and Camillus Lutkemeier, C.PP.S. The marriage was solemnized in St. Brigid's Church, Louisville, Kentucky. Father Camillus was minister of the sacrament which was followed by a solemn nuptial High Mass at which he was celebrant assisted by Father Joseph and Father Gerard another brother. The marriage took place December 26, 1934.

We take great pleasure in congratulating the newlyweds, and the entire studentbody join in wishing them both a happy married life.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Peace on Earth

With the spirit of the Christ Child still burning in their hearts, the Brothers and Sisters stationed at St. Joseph's entered upon their annual spiritual retreat on December 26 to convene even more closely with the New Born Babe.

It was a sight for the angels to see, these noble men and women who continuously sacrifice their lives for others in close proximity with their God and Master. A serene look of peace and contentment was upon their faces throughout the days until the coming of the New Year. Beautiful discourses fell from the lips of the retreat master, the Rev. Benedict Boebner, C.PP.S., Chaplain of The Maria-Joseph Home for the Aged at Dayton, Ohio. The words and thoughts of Father Benedict, imparted as only he could impart them, must have brought immense joy to these chosen ones of God.

When with an inspiring address the days of retreat were brought to a close, we are sure some fifty venerable souls, who unmurmuringly have for so long worked among us, were filled with new zeal to begin another year for Christ.

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Thank you! Call again!

From Father Ildephonse Rapp, our former professor, come words of encouragement, and abundant praise for the work of this year's COLLEGIAN staff. We value your remarks, Father, for we know from experience that your criticism is objective and uncolored. We shall appreciate hearing from you again.

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CCC

The Rev. Gilbert F. Esser recently received from the government the appointment to act as chaplain of the Civilian Conservation Corps at Medaryville, Indiana. The official appointment followed a year of services offered gratis on the part of Father Esser. When the camp was established during the latter part of the summer of 1933, the Rev. F. T. Seroczynski, an almunus of St. Joseph's of the class of '99, was asked to take care of the spiritual needs of the Catholic boys enrolled. As his own parish at North Judson and the missions attached to it claimed the time of Father Seroczynski, he applied to the college for assistance. This was readily given, and different members of the faculty began to take turns going to the camp on Sundays. But this was only partially satisfactory; the boys needed a regular chaplain, and Father Esser generously volunteered to go each week. He hears confessions on Saturday evening in the camp infirmary; on Sunday morning at 8:30 he celebrates Holy Mass in the recreation hall. The recruits have constructed a rude altar, which, however, when covered with clean linens, is a fairly suitable altar on which to offer the Divine Sacrifice.

Father Esser states that in a company

of about two hundred recruits the usual number of Catholic boys is between seventy and eighty, but that some camps have an even larger percentage of Catholics.

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Art for Our Sake

A nation is recognized by the art that it produces. Perhaps this thought stirred the enthusiasm of Dennis Schmitt and Henry Gzybowski who have found a corner sufficiently pretentious to reestablish the art of photography in our midst. (We old timers remember that the former photo shop had to give precedence to our lockers when the new bleachers were installed in the gymnasium.) But just by the way, the proprietors above mentioned are paraphrasing May West: "Come down and see us some time."

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In Memoriam

It is with a feeling of deep regret and sympathy that the students of St. Joseph's learn of the death of Mr. J. W. Minch, the beloved father of our genial Brother Joseph Minch. Our feeling is even more intense, Brother Joseph, because through confining illness you were not able to attend the last rites of your beloved parent.

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Black (?) Magic

Can Harold Sterling travel from place to place by his own magic? We almost thought so Sunday evening, January 13, for this master of the flying fingers had not been announced. And when we had witnessed his sleight of hand tricks for an hour or more we were quite convinced. But perhaps the faculty preferred to leave us in the dark so that the entertainment would be even more appreciated. It was appreciated, and we are grateful.

Mr. Sterling's program was varied; his nimble fingers are equally dexterous at crayon sketching, and his impersonations and Punch and Judy puppet show are above the ordinary. For all of this the first Sunday after the close of the Christmas recess remains as a very happy memory.

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Examinations

New Year's resolutions may come and go but exams go on forever. Those inevitable trials in the life of every student struck home again during late January and, as usual, carried off a telling toll.

While everyone was tensely guarding the onslaught of a flu epidemic, the examinations crept upon the unsuspecting fold like a wolf, and buried their lashing teeth deep into the flesh of practically every man living south of Collegeville's main boulevard. With blood dripping from its jaws and the bitter January wind fanning its hide, the monster then skulked away to await an opportunity for another siege of depredation.

It is rumored that the wolf is now hibernating in the Faculty Building. Those who expect to make their residence on the campus during the next eight weeks are requested to begin preparations for another attack of the untimely beast, for April showers are sure to awaken the grim monster. An effort should be made to capture him and hang his pelt on the local flag pole.

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Quantore

As the Christians of Milan in 1537 prayed before the exposed Blessed Sacrament in relays for forty hours in order to bring to nought the

efforts of the Turks who were pressing forward to destroy Christianity, so too did the students alternately kneel in prayer and adoration during the Forty Hours Devotion, January 27-29. The students' intentions were manifold; but surely primary among these was gratitude to the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus for the very privilege of receiving an education under the patronage of St. Joseph. Nor could they forget in thanksgiving and petition those who are making this privilege a reality — their parents, most of whom must undergo great sacrifices that their sons may receive a higher Catholic training. Lastly, they prayed for themselves, begging the Christ of the Eucharist to make them fervent and devout, serious and enthusiastic, and imploring Him to condone any past lack of appreciation in view of the firm purpose they made that the second semester would not find them wanting in cooperation with the graces that flow from the Divine Heart.

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New Science Courses

To the curriculum at St. Joseph's have been added two additional scientific courses: General Pharmacy and Quantitative Analysis. These are being conducted by Father Knue and Father Wuest respectively.

●

Try This on Your Gedunker

"Just around the corner there's a rainbow in the sky." Just around the northeast corner there's a pair of new proprietors in Ye Collegeville Sweete Shoppe. We have heard of musical soup, and we wonder whether John Kreutzer and "Doc" Foohey are introducing a musical variety of candy and soft drinks, since they have installed a radio in their place of business. All right, boys, all together: "So let's have another glass of soda, and let's have another Eskimo pie."

●

Honor Roll

First Year

Thomas Taylor — 92 1-2
Harold Weller — 88 1-6
James Gerstbauer — 84 2-3
Cornelius Sterling — 80 1-3

Second Year

Donald Hardebeck — 90 4-5

Third Year

James Hinton — 96 1-2
Norman Schmock — 95 1-2
Edward Homco — 94 2-3
Lawrence Moriarty — 94 1-2
Ernest Lukas — 94
James Birkley — 93 1-3

Fourth Year

William Callahan — 94 7-8
Norman Fisher — 94 5-8
Casper Boniface — 88 7-8
Edward Junk — 88
James Diedrich — 86 6-7

Fifth Year

Denis Schmitt — 93 2-3
James O'Connor — 93 3-7
Aurele Durocher — 92 4-7
Ambrose Lengerich — 91 6-7
Albert Ottenweller — 91 1-2
John Hoorman — 90 6-7

Sixth Year

James Scott — 96 2-3
Donald Klaus — 94 6-7
Anthony Suelzer — 94 4-7
William Renwick — 94 1-3
Edward Maziarz — 94 3-7
Donald Foohey — 94 2-7



Columbian Literary Society

With the end of the semester came the usual election of officers of the C. L. S. for the next term. Genial Harold Roth was elected to hold the gavel for the next session, whlie Henry Martin, one of our musical satellites, was chosen for the position of Vice-President. Edward Maziarz, an up and coming essayist and poet, was given the honor of being Secretary. Robert Kaple, who spends his free time telling stories, will hold down the position of Treasurer. Donald Foohey, of the witty remarks and cynical quips, was aptly placed in the role of Critic. August Wolf, Mosa Sphire and Anthony Gamble will constitute the Executive Board, while Anthony Suelzer, business impressario of the COLLEGIAN, was appointed to act as Marshal. That is a stellar selection of officers, and the members of the organization should have no reason whatsoever not to cooperate to the fullest extent with them.

As usual there will be a program sponsored by the C. L. S. to commemorate Washington's Birthday. At this time the inauguration speech of the President will be heard, and as this edition of the COLLEGIAN goes to press it is rumored that a three act play will follow the President's address.

Despite the fact that Austin O'Malley says,"There's many a slip betwixt the observation and the conclusion," I feel assured that the C. L. S. will continue the success it has gained already and that the second semester will be just as pregnant with glories as was the first.

●

Newman Club

As a ship having sailed half of her journey looks toward her goal with delight, so the Newmans, after having overcome many seemingly difficult or even insurmountable obstacles, look to their goal which is success. The goal of success for the Newmans is not only a victory but a stepping stone to what the future has in store for them. With this ideal the members of the Club are endeavoring with their every effort to make this year a year which will be ever memorable in times to come.

On Sunday morning, January 20, the Newmans held their first meeting of the second semester. At this meeting new officers were selected from the members to

pilot the Club for the rest of the year. James Thurin was elected President; Otto Weigel, Vice-President; Edward Vorholt, Secretary; Joseph Anthamatten, Treasurer; Norman Fisher, Critic; Paul Zeller, Daniel Raible and James Kelley, Executive Committe. William Callahan was appointed Marshal by the moderator, the Reverend Eugene Luckey.

●

Raleigh Smoking Club

As the cool darkness of early evening approaches and thoughts of home flash through one's tired brain, one goes to the Club to seek relaxation. Blue whorls of smoke, delightfully fragrant, float softly towards the ceiling to disintegrate as they seem to dissapear into the surface. Animated conversation, a smile at the sound of "Grand Slam," a wrinkling of a forehead at the thought of a finesse, and an undercurrent of excitement, these are the things one meets in the Club; these and a raft of personalities: Norbert Minick coyly stuck away in one corner reading Turginev; Smith extemporizing on Father Coughlin; Hartlage, Biven and Elder deeply engrossed in some argument on current policies or philosophies of life; O'Brien, Cain, Renwick and Seroczynski playing at bridge and discussing whether the Republicans will ever again see the White House; Egolf and Foos monopolizing the new chairs; Leuterman delivering philippics on the perversity and fickleness of womankind; LaBadie bemoaning his luck at cards; Krapf wearing his presidential authority with the demureness of a violet; Roth telling the boys all about his deep interest in the Latin tongue; Suelzer and Foohey discussing the relative qualities of Camels and Phillip Morrisses; Kaple and Sphire kidding the gullible ones with their inimitable "line." Yes, go to the Club for an evening and really get a cross section of Collegevillean life.

The Pool tournament is now in session. Furthermore, the cuemen are anxiously awaiting the Billiard and "slop" tournament which will start shortly after the end of the straight pool contest. Also, a tournament in ping-pong is reported to be on its way.



Cardinals Overpower St. John's, 28 - 22

On January 13, in one of the most erratic contests of the season, St. Joe's varsity forged ahead in the last half to down St. John's Athletic Club of Whiting by a 28-22 score. Imperfect passing and wild shooting detracted much from the concentrated attack of both teams through the greater part of the game, while the missing of twenty free throws added to the many errors of the hectic fray.

Sotack started the scoring with a field goal for St. John's, who retained the lead throughout the first half, though they were never more than two points ahead of the fighting Cardinals. At half time the score was 11-9 in favor of the Lake County team.

After the intermission the Cards immediately went out and took possession of the lead as Andres, Gaffney, and Downey collected field goals in rapid succession. With that four point margin to bolster their spirits, St. Joe's boys settled down to their slow breaking game, keeping the ball in the mid-court until an opening could be found for close-in shots.

It was the fifth straight victory for the cardinal and purple over the Whiting team in the past three years, but every St. Joe team has learned that St. John's has never been an easy mark. Every one of their games has been a tough battle for supremacy, and a mighty hard game is expected when the Cards invade the northern court in the season's final, March 2.

St. Joe (28)	FG	FT	PF
Gaffney f	4	2	1
Van Nevel f	1	0	2
Downey f	1	0	1
O'Riley f	0	0	0
Hatton c	3	0	2
Andres g	2	0	3
Bubala g	1	0	1
Hession g	0	0	3
Zimmerman g	1	0	0
	13	2	13

St. John's (22)	FG	FT	PF
Ryan f	1	3	0
Dubeck f	2	1	3
Sotack c	3	0	1
Dubich g	0	0	1
Companick g	0	1	2
Stricko g	2	1	1
	8	6	8

Referee — A. Etter
Umpire — R. Etter
Scorer — Leuterman
Timekeeper — Biven

St. Joe Succumbs Before Kokomo, 45 - 29

After losing four straight games to St. Joe's basketeers in the past three years, including this season's opener, Kokomo Junior College fought desperately to get revenge on its own floor, and did it so well that before the game was far advanced,

the Cardinals found to their surprise that the Kokomo boys were leading 17-5. Then St. Joe began to realize that they had a tough ball game on their hands. They began to work more cautiously but were unable to check the offensive work of their opponents, who seemed to be having a particularly effective night with their pivot plays and their long shooting.

The first play of the game, shortly after the opening whistle had died away, showed a fine piece of ball handling that ended with Gaffney looping in a pivot shot from the side. Betts retaliated with three points to put Kokomo in the lead, but Andres brought the count to 4-3 with a whirling shot from the court. That was the last time that the Cards were able to obtain the lead, as the mid-staters began hitting from all angles.

With but six minutes remaining in the final period, and the score 35-19 against them, St. Joe staged a short rally and brought the count to 37-29. But here the spurt came to a halt. Kokomo made six of their remaining eight points on free throws, as St. Joe began rushing in their endeavor to get possession of the ball.

Though the defeat may not be accredited entirely to over-confidence, the Cardinals, and St. Joe followers in general, did not expect the outcome to be as disasterous as it was. It just goes to prove the old saying that anything can happen in a ball game.

St. Joe (29)	FG	FT	PF
Downey f	1	0	1
Scharf f	0	0	0
Van Nevel f	1	2	2
O'Riley f	0	0	0
Gaffney c	5	0	3
Andres g	3	1	0
Beeler g	0	0	0
Hession g	0	2	1
Hatton g	2	0	0
Bubala g	0	0	1
	12	5	8

Kokomo (45)	FG	FT	PF
Rees f	4	0	4
Ellis f	1	0	0
Hessler f	0	0	0
Betts f	3	6	2
Thompson c	4	0	2
Hankins g	6	2	2
Duncan g	0	1	1
	18	9	11

Referee — Delo
Umpire — Howell
Scorer — Leuterman
Timekeeper — Thurston

Cards Take Thriller From Joliet Jr. College, 35 - 31

St. Joe's varsity basketball team, wrapped in a blanket of determination, fought desperately to win over the strong Joliet Junior College, 35-31 in one of the most bitterly fought struggles of the season. St. Joe got off to an early start with a brace of baskets by Gaffney and a long one by Hession, to lead 6-0, but Tibble found the basket for seven points, and Savage added two free throws to give the visitors a 9-6 lead. After Gaffney had made good on a free throw, Hession knotted the count with a shot from the side. Ottenweller contributed on a charity toss to put the Cards in the lead, and Scharf brought the count to 12-9 with a beautiful follow-in shot. But alas! the score was again tied when Jones made good on three successive

free throws. Grewening swished a goal from the foul circle to give Joliet a two point advantage, but the score was brought even for the fifth time when Scharf came through with another field goal. The half ended with the Illinois team leading 18-14.

With a loud and enthusiastic studentbody behind them to a man, St. Joe set off in a fast pace as the second half opened, and brought the count to 22-19 in their favor. Five more times during that thrilling second half the score was evened. With but a few minutes left to play, and the score 31-30 in favor of Joliet, Andres shot a free throw, tying the score, after which Hession and Gaffney put the game on ice with two short shots.

Though Bob Hatton was unable to score during the game, his work at taking the ball off the back-board time after time was one of the features of the game. That and the hawk-like shooting of Cy Gaffney, along with the good work of Andres and Scharf in fighting for the ball, were the main reasons for the Cardinals' success.

St. Joe (35)	FG	FT	PF
O'Riley f	0	0	0
Scharf f	3	0	0
Downey f	1	0	0
Gaffney f	5	4	2
Van Nevel f	0	0	0
Hatton c	0	0	2
Ottenweller c	0	1	2
Hession g	4	1	2
Andres g	1	1	1
	14	7	9

Joliet (31)	FG	FT	PF
Bretz f	0	1	2
Grewening f	1	0	2
Jones f	1	5	2
Brummond f	2	0	3
Savage c	1	2	1
Tibble g	4	1	0
Sprague g	0	0	0
Tezak g	2	0	0
	11	9	10

Referee — Bausman
Umpire — Mc Colly
Scorer — Leuterman
Timekeeper — Biven

Manchester Beats Cards In Overtime, 27 - 26

Flashing a steady offensive drive in the second half of a breath taking basketball game, St. Joe's varsity, with Cy Gaffney bearing the brunt of the scoring activities, came from behind to tie Manchester College 23-23 in the last few seconds of play, only to be nosed out in the five minute overtime period, 27-26.

The first half was all in favor of the Manchester five, as St. Joe's basket shooters simply couldn't make the ball fit through the draped hoop. Time after time the leather sphere paused teasingly on the edge of the rim, only to fall the wrong way, making no impression on the score board. In fact, the Cardinals failed to click a single field goal in that first half, which ended 14-3 in favor of the visitors.

As had to be expected, Mr. Tough Luck couldn't hold out all evening. The Cards came back in the second half with a fast passing game, and though the Manchester team was intent on defense work, Gaffney, Downey, Andres, and Hession each swished the net to bring the count to 14-11. Then Manchester made its first score of the second period, but Hatton also made good on a pivot shot to even matters. After center Snider had given the visitors a five point lead with a field goal, Gaffney came

to the front, producing five points while Andres collected two, to put the Cards in the lead, 20-18. Now it was Manchester's turn. Sapp tossed in a free throw, and Snider again put his team ahead, 21-20. With only a minute to play, Downey knotted the count with a free throw. Manchester once again went out in front, as Neff hit one from the court. Here the visitors attempted a stalling game, but without success. St. Joe got the ball out of bounds, and Gaffney, with only the timekeeper's finger between him and his team's defeat, let loose of a long shot that fairly made the nets sing: "St. Joe - 23; Manchester - 23".

We would like to tell a different story of what happened in the next five minutes, but the facts are against us. Manchester forged ahead; Gaffney again tied the score; but Hyde wrought havoc on the Cardinal hopes with a close-in shot that might have been avoided had not the situation been so tense. Hession's free throw was to no avail, leaving the lead in the hands of Manchester, 27-26.

St. Joe (26)	FG	FT	PF
Scharf f	0	0	0
Downey f	1	2	1
Gaffney f	5	1	2
Hatton c	1	1	2
Andres g	2	0	1
Bubala g	0	0	1
Hession g	1	2	1
	10	6	8

Manchester (27)	FG	FT	PF
Buffenbarger f	1	1	1
Beck f	1	2	1
Hyde f	1	0	1
Cullers f	2	0	0
Snider c	4	1	3
Banet g	0	0	1
Sapp g	1	1	2
Neff g	1	0	0
	11	5	9

Referee — Bausman
Umpire — Mc Colly
Scorers -- Leuterman, Bright
Timekeeper — Biven

Central Normal Smothers Cards, 51 - 28

On the second day following the Manchester mishap, the Cardinals had to face another strong foe, the representatives of Central Normal College. The meeting, however, proved to be somewhat of an excruciating agony for most of the St. Joe followers, especially in the latter part of the game, after Gaffney and Andres were ejected from the fray by way of the personal foul route.

Normal started with a loud bang, gathering a total of nine points before the home team could find the basket once. Scharf gave the Cards a start with a follow-in shot. Andres followed his example with two more points, and Hatton added a free throw to make it 9-5. While the Danville team was making eight more points, four of which were charity tosses, St. Joe was able to make only four, all of which came from free throws. But then the Cards opened up for a few minutes. Andres looped a free throw, Scharf connected for two points, Gaffney dropped in two under-the-basket shots, and Hession helped the cause with a goal, bringing the score to a 17-17 tie. But Central Normal immediately took the lead, and held the

commanding margin, 20-17, at half time.

Had things continued as in the first period, they would have been much more pleasant to record. St. Joe kept on the trail until, at the score of 28-24, the Danville school broke loose and left the Cardinals in a thick mist.

As might be judged from the number of personal fouls committed, the game was rough and hard fought throughout. Gaffney continued to set the pace for the St. Joe team, while Wilson and Blanda were the most aggressive of the Normal quintet.

St. Joe (28)	FG	FT	PF
Scharf f	2	0	3
O'Riley f	0	0	0
Gaffney f	4	3	4
Van Nevel f	0	0	1
Downey f	0	0	1
Hatton c	1	3	2
Hession g	1	3	1
Andres g	1	1	4
Bubala g	0	0	1
Zimmerman g	0	0	0
	9	10	17

Central Normal (51)	FG	FT	PF
Wilson f	4	4	1
Martin f	2	0	1
Decker f	2	0	3
Engelhart c	3	2	3
Roundebush c	2	0	0
Blanda g	4	3	2
Morris g	3	2	2
	20	11	12

Referee — A. Etter
Umpire — R. Etter
Scorers — Leuterman, Gross
Timekeeper — Biven



HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?



Wife (to her drunken husband): "I suppose that you expect me to believe that you came straight home from the office."

Husband: "Sure I did (hic); I came home just as the crow flies."

Wife: "So I see; stopping frequently for a little corn."

Junkman: "Any rags, papers, old iron?"

Householder (angrily): "No, my wife's away."

Junkman: "Any bottles?"

Husband: "I must see the doctor today. I don't like the looks of my wife."

Ditto: "I'll go with you. I can't bear the sight of mine either."

The stingy farmer gave the hired man a calling down for carrying a lighted lantern when he went to see his best girl.

"When I was courtin'," he said, "I didn't carry no lantern. I went in the dark."

"Yes," sighed the hired man, "and look what you got."

Doctor: "What were LaBadie's last words?"

La Noue: "He said 'I don't see how they can make much profit on this stuff at a dollar a quart.' "

Kaiser: "I'm simply writhing for lack of money."

Judy: "Don't writhe — telegraph."

Eder: "I wrenched my knee last week and had an X-ray picture taken."

Hamilton: "If they come out good, can I have one?"

Circus Manager: "What! A little runt like you a wild animal trainer?"

Nemetz: "Sure. My size is the secret of my success. The lions are waiting for me to grow."

Sambo: "Rastus, what breed of chicken does you prefer?"

Rastus: "They both has mighty good points. White ones is easy to locate and hard to hide, an' black ones is hard to locate but easy to hide."

The Scotchman couldn't find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing.

"What's that in your mouth?" the conductor asked.

Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, when several of the passengers laughed, "I'm nae so adsent-minded. It was a very auld ticket and I was just suckin' off the date."

He: "Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

She: "Oh, John! How could you? That is lemon pie."

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SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 25, 26
Shirley Temple in
"LITTLE COLONEL"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 28
"SOCIETY DOCTOR"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 4, 5
Will Rogers in
"LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 7
John Boles and Loretta Young in
"WHITE PARADE"

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 10, 11, 12
Shirley Temple in
"BRIGHT EYES"

WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 14
Will Rogers in
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